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# REGISTER

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# *The Latin School Register*

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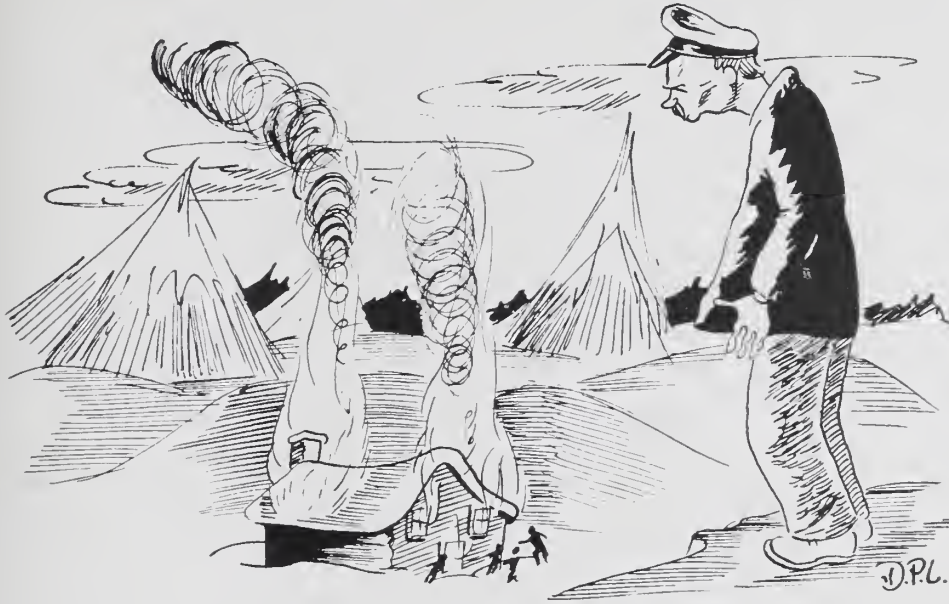
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## *The Toy*

SAMUEL EPSTEIN, '46

The road wound its way through whole stretches of blooming-wild lilac and berry bushes. Village children came to fill their lungs with the perfume of the lilacs and their jars with blueberries or blackberries.

Now three feet of hard-packed snow covered the path. Like a nutcracker the heavy boots of Alexie Tolehenko crunched the frozen snow. During the five months since the Germans had attacked the Russian outposts in Poland, he had worked hard. An old man, he recalled sadly his lost vigor. When he was young, the villagers had nicknamed him "Alexie the Musele Man," and it was his axe and arm that felled the trees broadest in girth. Now he dragged his feet with effort over the snow.

Another blow was falling on his aged head. Polna, his village, lay in the way of the Germans driving for Moscow. It

was only a matter of hours before they arrived. The Russian soldiers had withdrawn that morning. Through his mind ran bitter thoughts.

On the day after the attack, the commissar of Alexie's district came to speak to the villagers. The sun had been hot in the fields that day, and the peasants' faces were streaming with sweat as they listened. They were hungry: some had not eaten since straggling in from outlying farms.

In simple language that moved them all, the official said: "Your flesh and blood and your homes are threatened. All able-bodied men must defend the Motherland. All others must work in the fields. Unless we gather a big crop, there may be nothing next year. We may not hold our fields long. The Germans are mechanized, and it will take time before we can build enough ma-

chines, tanks, and planes to strike a balance. Until then, there can be only sacrifices."

Lev, Alexie's youngest son, had gone to war. It had been a hard blow, for Lev had been doing most of the work. Now, in an artillery unit covering the retreat across White Russia, he had not been heard from for four silent weeks.

Alexie's other son, Gregory, had been an electrical engineer at a Moscow motors plant. Until the war, he had been working in a factory across the Urals in Siberia. Just before the war, he had come to Polna for a visit, bringing with him a grandson for old Alexie. The child had sat on Alexie's knee, and he remembered the silken feel of his soft hair. That was in the days before the Germans, when there were no snipers in the cherry trees.

It had been a back-breaking summer. They had planted big fields of grain in April. When it came time to harvest it, Alexie had to do it alone. He would awake at five, as soon as it was light enough to work. He was not alone; on the other side of the hill a woman and her thirteen-year-old daughter lived. Three sons had gone to the front, and the two youngest were carrying on.

How he had come through that summer, Alexie did not know. He had changed. His iron-gray hair had become milk white. A little lump on his shoulders was mute evidence of bending over rows of potatoes. But the harvest was worth it. He gathered two crops of wheat, barley, and oats. He had been lucky: the summer was hot, and the grain grew rapidly. Usually two crops cannot possibly be harvested; the Russian summer is too short. Sometimes the first snow comes as early as September. All through the autumn Alexie worked in the fields among the rows, watching mutely. The grain was ripening, and winter was near. Then came the harvesting; it meant painful muscles, but joy in the magnificent crop.

The war had gone badly. Behind the terse bulletins from Moscow, "Nothing to report today," or the conservative announcement, "The enemy has been forced to withdraw to the east," were a thousand acts of bravery. Refugees streaming out of the west: refugees with stories of cruelty, young refugees with sunken cheeks and solemn eyes. Children played without laughter. One little girl kept hitting a doll with a stick. When Alexie asked her why, she replied that the Germans had clubbed her small brother. In the first few months the refugees had stopped at Polna, thinking they were safe. At the railroad station Alexie saw old men with patriarchal beards and deep blue eyes—eyes you would not describe as sunny.

No longer did the refugees stop at Polna: they kept moving down the snow-bound highway. At German headquarters a fat finger pointed out the road to Moscow. It went through Polna, where German tanks rolled across the fields toward the capital.

Alexie was returning from the home of the woman and the girl. Honoring him for his age, they had spoken tenderly to him. But they revered more the bump on his shoulders and his white hair. They had pleaded with Alexie to leave. He merely continued to look out the window at the horizon. The old man





spoke simply in an unbroken voice: "No, I have lived here a good many years, and I shall stay here now. I shall manage as I have always managed. I must keep the farm going in ease Lev. . . . If Fritz is driven out by spring, we must have the fields ready, and the tools."

The old man embraced the two. Again he spoke, still watching the horizon, expecting to see the moving black dots, the Nazi tanks. "You are young. You must continue the fight. I am old; it does not matter. But I must leave a clean slate."

He was not resigned to death. Alexie felt the will to live in the sinews of his arms. His old hands felt the desire to kill a few of the enemy.

The next day, Alexie woke at dawn. It was a gray morning. He boiled some barley for himself over an alcohol burner, and ate in silence. He threw a cut of wood into the pot-bellied stove and sized up his wood supply. He would have to cut down more pines and make some stakes for the tomato plants.

Alexie drew a horse carved from wood out of a box he used for storage. The old man smiled. Perhaps next spring Gregory would come with his grandson. At least he would be ready. With his own hands, Alexie had whittled the toy. He replaced the toy. Alexie drew his boots on slowly, panting, and started out of the house.

It was very cold. Alexie thought, "Now the Germans will suffer." . . . He was not cold; his heart was warm. . . . When he reached the top of the hill, Alexie saw that the neighbor's house

was on fire. Some soldiers were prancing around it, probably warming themselves.

They hailed Alexie, gesturing for him to come and join them. No use resisting, he thought. In a gay mood, they slapped the peasant on the back. Alexie's face was imperturbable, but in his heart were hate and anger. When he left the soldiers, they made no motion to stop him. He breathed deeply of the cold air to cleanse himself. Peal after peal of laughter died away quickly over the vast fields. They were like their laughter, Alexie thought, they would not last long.

The door of Alexie's hut was open. Inside a German soldier, who hailed the old man; then settled back to his work, examining some storage boxes. A leather belt and a pair of shoes were lying on the floor.

The Nazi had promised his wife a new dress for Christmas. In the last village the German had done well. For Uncle Erieh he would take the belt and the shoes, and for little Mark. . . . He opened the storage box and fingered the little horse. Alexie had watched his face. As the soldier was examining his find, Alexie plunged his carving knife into the German. He fell at the old man's feet, a limp heap of uniform and sagging muscle. Alexie loosened the dead man's grip on the toy and put it into his pocket. As deliberately as a High Priest at an Orthodox funeral, he then set fire to his hut. Grimly he turned, clutching the toy, and headed for the hills, where the Partisans were preparing vengeance.



## *The Wanderings of Aeneas (Revised)*

PAUL R. GRIFFIN, '46

*(During the past few weeks I have had several requests concerning the writing of a short summary of Virgil's "Aeneid," but I'm going to do it anyway.)*

Back in the year 3131 B.A.B. (Before Atomic Bomb) the Greeks and Trojans had a little difference of opinion (euphemistic way of saying that they slaughtered each other). The Greeks, who had surrounded the city but couldn't get in, were forced to resort to subterfuge (if you don't know what it means, look it up). They built a wooden horse and placed it outside the gates of the city. Some brainless Trojan saw the thing, decided that it was just what he had always wanted, and, with the aid of his little Mack truck, hauled it inside. The next night some Greeks jumped out of the horse, yelled "Surprise! Surprise!", and proceeded to bash everybody's brains in. (I hope I ain't making this thing too high class for ya.)

There was in the city at this time a

modest young chap, Aeneas, related to the King of Troy (come around some time when you have a few weeks to waste, and I'll be glad to explain the relationship). Aeneas, being a fellow who hated the sight of blood, especially his own, decided that this was just the time to set out on a world cruise. He gathered together a few things, wrapped his father around his neck, and headed for the docks. There he commandeered twenty ships that just happened to be around, and set forth to found a new Troy. (As space was scarce on the ships, Aeneas was forced to decide whether to take his wife or his parchesi board. Oh, well; she probably would have been seasick, anyway.)

Their first landfall was Thrace; but, naturally, they couldn't settle there because that would make the story too short. Aeneas actually started the construction of a city there, but was forced to abandon his project when the Thracians hinted that they were getting slightly fed up with the daily repetition



of his modest speech, which began, "I am the goodly Aeneas—" (I'm not quite sure of the facts in this case—I flunked that month.)

The next port of call was Crete. (At this point the reader should stand and walk around his chair twice to signify the passage of time necessary for one to sail from Thraee to Crete.) Here he found that he was about as welcome as the UNO in Greenwich. His camp was attacked by a flight of birds whose name I can't pronounce and couldn't spell even if I could pronounce it. Needless to say, they decided to move on, and set a course for Italy. (Why they picked Italy, I don't know. Aeneas probably felt like riding in a gondola.)

They ran into a storm off the coast of Sicily, and one of the ships sank. Aeneas, I'm sorry to say, was on one of the others. (The reader must remember that Aeneas was a sort of Tojan Super-Duper Superman. He owed his strength to the fact that he ate a double order of Victory Lunch No. 2 every day.) The rest of the squadron was scattered, and our hero thought that his ship was the only one that had survived the tempest; but when he entered a harbor near Carthage, he found the rest of his fleet. (Oh, wasn't that just wonderful! Of all the harbors there are along the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea every one of his ships picked this one. And I thought that radar was NEW!!)

Aeneas decided that he should pay his respects to Dido, queen of Carthage. Aeneas went to the city and found Dido standing in front of a temple selling newspapers. (Her kingdom business wasn't doing so well, so that she had to take up a sideline to pay off the taxes.)

It was love at first sight, and she certainly was. She invited him to come to the castle that night and told him that she was going to throw a party. (I'd like to say that Aeneas was the party she threw, but it doesn't fit into the story.)

At the party that night Dido asked Aeneas to tell the story of his wanderings. For that she should have been shot—oops—stabbed. His little digest of his adventures didn't fill two pages—it filled two books! (Wouldn't he be just the right fellow for Public Declamation?)

Aeneas realized that Carthage would not be the site of the new Troy, so he decided to leave. It must have been cold the day he left, because Dido built a huge bonfire on the beach and then sat on the top of it. (It seems to me that there must be an easier way of getting warm.)

After many experiences (that's a good way of skipping over something you know nothing about) our hero reached Italy. He landed in the country of the Aborigines, whose king was Latinus. Right here things get rather complicated; I don't think you would understand it. (The fact that I don't even know what I'm talking about has nothing whatever to do with it.) Anyway, Aeneas finally married Latinus' daughter, Lavinia, and together they founded the Roman nation (I think).

(I hope that this story helps all students of Virgil, present and future. I also hope that I get a ninety-nine in Latin. Personally, I don't think that either one of these things is going to happen, do you?)





## *Sinus Trouble*

DAVID C. KRIPKE, '46

It was the day of the Fourth Public Declamation that Ivan Offal Sinus, a contemporary of yours and mine, honored the throng in the Latin School auditorium with his presence. Reclining comfortably in the third seat, third row up on the left-hand side facing the stage, Ivan was dreamily anticipating a pleasant eighty minutes. He had just dozed off when the Headmaster interrupted his slumber with the announcement that the first speaker was ready to orate:

"And now, gentlemen, I have the pleasure of presenting"—at this moment, the fellow sitting next to Ivan decided he would test a wad of Upsie-Doodle Bubble Gum to see if he could blow a bubble as large and round as his Latin teacher's head. When a loud "pop" (announcing the failure of the ambitious boy's endeavor) was heard by all, the Headmaster, introducing the first speaker, fixed his eye on the bubble-blower, and continued: ". . . will speak on 'Crime, Its Own Detector!'"

Ivan settled himself restfully once more in his scat—eyes half closed, hands thrust in pockets, and legs stretched before him. By the time the speaker had cleared his throat, Ivan was asleep, in the midst of a dream. The setting of his dream was a little red schoolhouse on the outskirts of the little town of Tavernshire, in the district of Prohibitionsire, in the land of the tea drinkers—England . . . shire . . . in the mid-19th century. Ivan, a pupil in the little red schoolhouse, was in the act of setting up a portable slingshot, arranged in such a way that when a pupil opened the door, a hearty chunk of "gooey" pie would smack the

fellow squarely in the right eye. What poor little Ivan didn't know was that Mr. Squires, the one and only teacher, was about to open the one and only door. But before the good gentleman lays his hand upon the knob, let us make an inventory of the attributes of said Squires:

(1) A raccoon coat of indefinite age. Either the gentleman had grown too large or the coat too small. (2) A dirty waxen wig, which had a continual inclination to slip off its owner's smooth, bald scalp. The ungrayed hair was inappropriate to a face shrivelled by age. (3) A set of false teeth, badly fitted, with a tendency to bob up and down. (4) A semicircular row of whiskers dyed jet-black. At the roots was a half inch of white, giving the whiskers the appearance of having been stuck on.

Mr. Squires' hand touches the knob turns it, opens the door; and when the soft pie hits him between the eyes, he says in a blustering tone, his wig moving towards his left ear: "I say there, old chap!" This was all Ivan waited to hear. Out the window, down the cowpath, through the nearest forest he ran, ran, ran . . . ran . . . ran. It seemed as if a voice were pursuing him. "It must be confessed. It will be confessed. Suicide. . . ."

"No, no, no!" shrieked Ivan.

Feeling an intense pounding on the right side of his head, he increased the volume of his shrieks.—He opened his eyes just in time to hear, between blows falling on his head through the courtesy of the boy next to him, the first declaimer conclude with: "suicide will be the only alternative. Crime is its own detector!"

## *Facing the Music*

ROBERT McCABE, '47

For weeks the orchestra had rehearsed the program. Now the big night had arrived. I was playing solo horn at the time, and I had some qualms as the "zero-hour" approached. The day had been one of tribulation. Upon arising, I found that it was my immeasurable misfortune to be afflicted with what has been facetiously called "pre-concert butterflies", which is nothing but nervous tension. As the day wore on, I found that the condition did not lessen.

The orchestra was dismissed from the Latin School (that is, those members who attended B.L.S.) at 1:30 P.M., thereby breaking an established precedent. I thought that the extra time should prove adequate. Yet, as the hands of the clock drew together, they reminded me of a scissors snipping off the cord with which the gods of fate would throttle me.

Seven P.M. arrived as scheduled. It was time to don the tuxedo in which I had the poor luck to be attired for the evening. With the trousers I had little difficulty. Then came the shirt. It was a horrible trial for one in my nervous condition. The starched front was to prove the most frightful demon that I had met in all the years in which I had been systematically dressing and, of course, reversing the procedure. Where were the studs? I opened drawers; looked in boxes; pulled things from shelves. What had Mother done with them? I called to her. . . . No response . . . I turned toward my bureau, where they were shining on its top. I seized them. Now my problems were over. At this point the gods must have nudged each other from their point of vantage and laughed at my innocence. I took one stud, and put it in the hole provided for the purpose. Then the problem of buttoning it arose. What was the

matter with my fingers? They seemed to be all thumbs. I twisted the button; I wrenched the shirt; I begged; I pleaded; I jumped; I shrieked. My father came to the rescue by simply taking the stud out of the hole and inserting it through both the upper and lower holes simultaneously. I put on vest and coat and prepared to leave. Ye gods! Where was my horn? Again I opened closets; I searched the car; then, to my chagrin, I remembered that the director had taken it in his car. I was ready.

I got into the car and put the key in the ignition. The lock would not turn. Back into the house. Where is the powdered graphite? The tool box? Yes; there it is. I shook some into the ignition and prayed. Ah! It worked. I drove off. I reached the hall without further ado and entered by the stage door. I was late. The orchestra was already tuning in the ante-room.

Monsieur Le Maestro looked at me as I entered, and I, with my usual shy and humble spirit, screamed at him, "Well, what did you expect—Koussevitsky?"

I grabbed my horn. Fifteen minutes to go. I tried one note. I felt the color drain from my face. The horn did not play. Cold perspiration broke out upon my brow. I took the slides out and examined the tubes. I found nothing. Then, with the ingenuity born of desperation, I looked into the bell of the horn. I found that I had left the cloth with which I had shined the horn stuffed in the hole.

Now came the call, "On stage!" I left the room and took my place. The curtain opened just as I had placed the first number on the stand. The conductor raised his baton, and I had to laugh to myself to think that to the rest of the orchestra it was, perhaps, also the first time that they had faced the music that day.

## *I'm in a Rut*

PHILIP SHAPIRO, '47

It's amazing how fast one's average can drop. Towards the end of last month I was doing well (95 in math and physics, 85 in English, 75 in French, and 65 in Latin). Then I had a little trouble with my choice of the opposite sex, and my "83" average dropped so fast that it broke all rules of physics.

I came into school Thursday morning tired and groggy. I had received a vigorous "brush-off" from Marion the night before, and I couldn't get to sleep.

Unsuspectingly, I walked into a twenty-five-point math test. As I already had 72 out of 75, the zero that I acquired didn't pull me down too far.

After this gruelling experience, I headed for a peaceful drill period; but even here something went wrong. Being too sleepy to take a full step on a "column left," the Colonel, who happened to be watching, decided that I should be of more use to the company as a private. Oh, well! Now I can save my lungs.

My troubles had only started. In English I earned a "zero plus" out of ten for two recitations. (What the plus is for, I don't know.) This left me with a grand total of 55 points for the month. After English I was all ready to sit down to a hearty meal of sandwiches, when I remembered that the last time I had seen my lunch, it was on the kitchen table.

Having secured a reasonable facsimile of food at the lunchroom, I returned to my homeroom to do my French. My studies were rudely interrupted by "Pork Chops," who sits beside me and is always annoying me. Not wishing to be disturbed, I gave him a whack on the arm, which was rapidly returned by the frisky lad. Our pummeling was stopped

by Mr. Seaman, who generously gave each of us three marks instead of the usual five.

Thoroughly dejected, I strolled off towards the "Register Room," where I was cheered by the sight of "Archie the crackpot," who was mourning the death of his friend, Schultz. I didn't have any fearful premonition about the Latin period, as Thursday is unprepared. Again I was deceived. Mr. Tulliver popped a fifteen-line sight test on us. Having successfully translated five of the fifteen lines, I was assured of receiving a three out of ten, which would drop my marks down to 45.

Looking for consolation, I told my troubles to my friend, Bob. When he had heard of my well-worn rut, he said, "What are you worrying for? Before you know it, the month will be over, and then the year will be over, and we'll be out of college. Then, before we know it, we'll be dead."

The next period was physics, which didn't worry me at all. After going over the homelesson, Mr. Stickney said, "Now try these five problems." Confidently, I applied my own formula to find the boiling point at a changed pressure. Luckily, I had  $47\frac{1}{2}$  out of 50 before the test; so that when I got zero out of twenty-five, I was left with a sixty-three average. I have now changed my formula.

After this stunning blow, I crawled into French, feeling so low that I was sure I was in the sub-basement instead of on the third floor. The final blow was struck when Mr. Leavitt sprang a fifty-point test on us. After the fifteen I got in that test, I was down to an even sixty.



## *A Northern Southerner*

JOHN E. REXINE, '47

Because of the growing popularity of "Senator Claghorn" among students and faculty I have been induced to make known certain facts about him. The new member of the Senate, elected by Fred Allen, is Greek-American Kenny Delmar, announcer, radio actor, and now featured player on the Fred Allen Show.

Years ago you might have tuned in to hear a dramatic or comedy program. Perhaps there was some character part—someone supposed to be a Hindu prince, for instance. If you listened carefully, you might catch a few Greek words in the gibberish of the pseudo-Hindu. That was Kenny Delmar.

Kenny Delmar was born in Boston and brought to New York City as a child. He toured the country as a child prodigy and did comedy, drama, anything. During the depression, having abandoned the stage, he went into the importing business—mostly Greek olives and other foodstuffs — with his stepfather.

But Kenny, always the "life of the party," liked to make people laugh. He broke away from the olive business by opening a dancing school, where he met his wife—the ballet teacher. Finally, a radio performance at a local New York station netted him twenty dollars a week. He was once given an audition for a commercial show and was so nervous that he couldn't read the script. Instead, he told jokes in dialect. He even imitated W. C. Fields, whom he had

seen in a movie the night before; and that was exactly what the director wanted. Ken got the job and held it for seven years.

Today, as the "Senator," and known to his admirers as "that pro-Confederate windbag," Ken Delmar is rapidly becoming a national figure. His "I say" is being copied all over the country; Fred Allen named him "Senator Claghorn." Curly-headed, bespectacled, 33-year-old Kenny was first called to Allen's attention by Minerva Pious (Mrs. Nussbaum), who thought the comedian ought to know him. Allen caught on.

Today the "Senator" is a symbol of the unreconstructed South. "Why, my folks are so far down South that they don't even use glasses; they use Dixie cups," he drawls raucously. "Why, the only candy I eat," he explains, "is cotton candy. . . . That's a joke, son; a joke, that is."



## Ode To Athletics

GEORGE I. MULHERN, '47

In autumn football rolls around  
 And schoolboys roll upon the ground  
 To get in shape to play, and then—  
 They are knocked to earth again.  
 But I can never come that near;  
 I look on from afar and cheer.

Then winter comes (Alas, alack!)  
 With hockey, basketball, and track:  
 In hockey I don't have much luck  
 At holding that elusive puck.  
 While hundreds try to make the team,  
 I merely sit around and dream.

At basketball I'm just a "droop"  
 In shooting for that distant hoop.  
 While centers pump and forwards shoot  
 And cheering sections loudly root  
 And coaches shout at referees,  
 I sit back lazily at ease.

The track squad ventures out *en masse*  
 With applicants for every class;  
 How they can stand it I can't tell.  
 Each morning, running for the "El,"  
 It seems to me I've speed aplenty—  
 But not, it seems, the "220."

In spring the baseball season starts,  
 And brings great joy to countless  
 hearts.  
 The crack of bat on ball resounds,  
 And pitchers practise on their mounds.  
 But this is only what I've heard:  
 I think a *foul's* a kind of bird.

I'd like to be an athlete great,  
 But such is not the will of Fate.  
 So I, with many other boys,  
 Go to games and make some noise;  
 Without us as an audience,  
 Athletics wouldn't make much sense.

## The Mutts

HASKELL BARKIN, '47

Select your breeds of near perfection,  
 With silky coats and snow white paws;  
 Be exact in your selection;  
 View them closely; they mustn't have  
 flaws.  
*I'll pick a mongrel.*

*I'll pick a mongrel.*  
 The mutts have expressions which are  
 bright and cheery,  
 Though at dog shows they do not star.  
 They're easy to train in matters of im-  
 portance.  
 But the house may be broken before  
 they are.  
*I'll pick a mongrel.*



# EDITORIALS<sup>OB</sup>

## *They Say*

World War I was no picnic. Before the 1918 armistice came, thirty or thirty-five million human beings, people with ambitions and desires, people of flesh and blood, were dead. Just because the world has recently undergone the trial and agony of a still more devastating conflict, let us not minimize the misery, the death, the hunger of the first World War.

The Great War, too, meant children with hollow gray cheeks, partings at railroad stations, airplanes with smashed wings plummeting to the ground. Shattered bodies on white hospital beds, broken lives, draft dodgers, war profiteers, black marketers, and veteran lapel buttons — they called this mess “The Great War.”

The people, immigrant slum-dwellers of the East Coast, West Virginia coal-miners, farmers in the Mid-West corn belt — the people, Americans, Czechs, Englishmen — the people were told it would be the last war. . . . We stood on the downtown streets in New York, Chicago, and Boston, watching the newspaper bulletin boards. We, the people, saw the unhindered rise of Japanese, Nazi and Fascist aggression. We reviewed the parade of names — Manchuria, Hitler, Mussolini, Ethiopia, Franco, Austria, Nanking, Sudetenland. . . . On the overworked plains of China, where life moves as slowly as the yellow Yangtze, bombs fell, tanks rumbled; there was hunger; there were skinny arms, bony chests. But they had said. . . .

France — millions of gray stone huts and tiny plots of land, the property of stolid peasants. For generations, the good earth had been tilled by the same families. One shell, a heap of smoking ruins; millions of shells, many smoking heaps. . . .

. . . Lidice was the home of a handful of Czech villagers. They lived quiet lives. (Priests intoning, “Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return,” generations rising and falling like ocean waves.) Firing squads, slave battalions, acrid odor of smoke curling over burning huts — the Germans did a clean job. Very efficient, the Germans. But they told us. . . .

Now we the people are listening to politicians, “big shots,” editors vomiting propaganda, promises, “No more war, peaceful red-gold sunsets, no bombs or hunger, no firing squads at sunrise . . .” . . . And we are reading about atomic bomb tests.

## BUY BONDS



## *Our Lords and Masters*



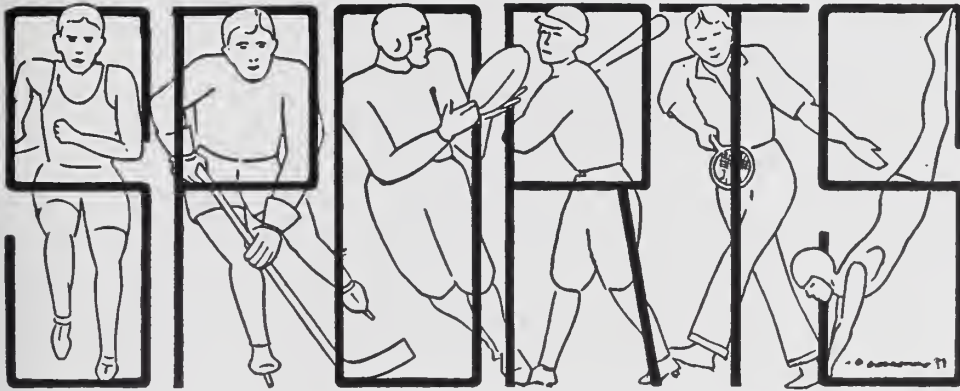
ROBERT WEBSTER WALES . . . Teaches physics and science in Room 316 . . . Resides in Winthrop . . . Born in Abington . . . Graduated Abington High School, '08 . . . B.S. Mass. Agricultural College, '12 . . . Ed.M., Harvard '34 . . . Married; one boy, graduated from Latin . . . Works on mosquito protection for Massachusetts Department of Agriculture . . . Interested in Gardening . . . Principal advice to Latin School boys: "Don't take yourselves too seriously."

MARK FRANCIS RUSSO . . . Teaches English and Latin in Room 106 . . . Resides in Jamaica Plain . . . Born in Boston . . . Graduated from English in 1916 . . . While there, participated in track and basketball . . . A.M. Boston College '21 . . . A.B. Boston College '22 . . . While there, participated in dramatics . . . Married . . . 4 children: 3 girls; 1 boy . . . Boy graduated from Latin '45 . . . Directs Dramatics Club . . . Social service worker in several community houses . . . Active worker in camps . . . His motto for Latin School boys to follow: "Hard work maintains standard of school."



GERARD BARTHOLOMEW CLEARY . . . Teaches Phys. Ed. in Room 118 . . . Born in Boston . . . Graduated from Latin, '15 . . . A.B., Boston College . . . Ed.M., Harvard . . . Came to Latin School in '21 . . . Coached minor sports, '24-'30 . . . Supervised N.Y.A. during its several years of existence . . . Faculty adviser of Latin Club, '34-'40 . . . Taught Latin until Oct., '42 . . . P.F.C. in army during '42 . . . Became a member of newly organized Phys. Ed. Dept. on his return to Latin in '43 . . . Lauds Latin School training as excellent for college, for Army, for any hard job because it sticks to the fundamental. The Latin School graduate accepts difficult assignments as a matter of course.





## Basketball

### Latin Edges Dorchester

January 30: The boys from B.L.S. downed a fighting Black-and-Red team, 30 to 28. It became almost a battle royal, but the refs stopped it. To prove their aggressiveness, the Latins sent Savage, O'Neill, and Martorano to the showers with five fouls each. "Art" Martorano was high scorer with eight points. The "Jayvees," led by "Flash" Walsh, won, 29-6.

	G.	F.	P.
Martorano, r.f.	4	0	8
Abrams, l.f.	1	0	2
Garcia, l.f.	1	4	6
O'Neill, c.	1	0	2
Roche, c.	0	2	2
Frank, c.	0	0	0
Savage, r.g.	1	1	3
Vokey, l.g.	1	1	3
Corman, l.g.	2	0	4
Monafo, l.g.	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	11	8	30

### Latin Tramples Trade 44-23

February 1: "Art" Martorano ran wild, scoring seventeen points to help assure an overwhelming B.L.S. victory over the underdog Trade. The halfway score was not at all impressive, but in the third period, the play-making of

"Jim" Savage and "Jim" O'Neill, combined with "Art" Martorano's dead-eye accuracy, set the Purple and White ahead, 32-17. The final score was 44 to 23. Mention should be made of one of the benchwarmer's corps who, through Coach "Steve" Patten's guidance, has developed into a Grade A defense-man—"Dick" Vokey. . . . Jayvees won in overtime, 21-18.

	G.	F.	P.
Martorano	8	1	17
Garcia	1	2	4
Frank	0	0	0
O'Neill	3	2	8
Corman	1	0	2
Savage	2	0	4
Freedman	0	0	0
Vokey	2	0	4
Jones	1	0	2
Collins	1	1	3
	—	—	—
	19	6	44

### Latin Upsets Southie

February 4: An inspired B.L.S. aggregation, sporting a record of eight wins and three losses, beat one of the league's powers by nine big points. Paced by "Art" Martorano and "Jim" O'Neill, high scorers, with eleven and twelve points respectively, the Latins showed that they had it. Savage seems to be

hitting his stride; for the amiable "Jim" scored seven points and played one of his best games of the season at guard.

	G.	F.	P.
Martorano, r.f.	6	0	12
Garcia, l.f.	1	0	2
O'Neill, c.	5	1	11
Savage, r.g.	3	1	7
Vokey, l.g.	0	0	0
Corman, l.g.	0	0	0
Abrams, l.g.	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	15	2	32

### Purple and White Romps

*February 8:* A flashy Latin quintet crushed a game Brandeis team, 36 to 26. The scoring in the first two periods was led by "Jim" Savage, who helped the Latins by racking eight points at the halfway mark, when the score stood 16-14 in our favor.

In the second half the Latins hit their stride, piling up twenty points. "Jim" O'Neill was again ruled out on fouls. "Art" Martorano was high scorer with sixteen points.

	G.	F.	P.
Martorano, r.f.	8	0	16
Abrams, l.f.	1	0	2
Garcia, l.f.	0	0	0
O'Neill, c.	2	0	4
Roche, c.	0	0	0
McCafferty, c.	1	0	2
Savage, r.g.	4	2	10
Corman, l.g.	1	0	2
Collins, l.g.	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	17	2	36

### Latin Bounces Brighton

*February 12:* The Purple and White "five" went on its merry way to beat a Brighton underdog, 34 to 20. It was just a game from the Latin point of view as; led by "Jim" O'Neill, they breezed through to an easy victory. "Jim" Savage played a bangup game, and from

here it looks as if this lad will be voted the best guard in the city.

	G.	F.	P.
Martorano	2	0	4
Frank	0	0	0
Roche	0	0	0
Garcia	2	1	5
Abrams	0	2	2
Freeley	0	0	0
O'Neill	4	1	9
Collins	1	0	2
McCafferty	1	0	2
Savage	4	0	8
Corman	0	0	0
Vokey	1	0	2
Freedman	0	0	0
Monafo	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	15	4	34

### J. P. Trimmed

*February 15:* The boys from Avenue Louis Pastuer were merciless as they pounded a weak J.P. "five" to the tune of 52 to 19. The score at the end of the first period stood 11 to 5 in our favor. It was not until the second period that we showed our strength, leading 27 to 10. From then on a good time was had by all as the boys set up plays. The team was jubilant as little "Bob" Freeley scored his first points of the season — four of them two successive goals from the floor.

	G.	F.	P.
Martorano	3	0	6
Garcia	3	1	7
Freeley	2	0	4
Abrams	2	0	4
O'Neill	5	0	10
Collins	1	0	2
Savage	3	2	8
Vokey	3	2	8
Corman	4	2	10
Freedman	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	23	6	52



### Latin Over Hyde Park

*February 25:* The boys from Latin made it their seventh win in a row and stretched their record to 14 wins and three losses as they beat a powerful Hyde Park aggregation, 48-34. Towards the end of the game the boys from H.P. became a bit aggressive, and it took a little forceful persuading on the part of "Jim" Savage to calm the turbulent water. "Jim" O'Neill stole the scoring honors with a chesty twenty-one points. O'Neill and Martorano are running neck-and-neck for the season's scoring honors.

	G.	F.	P.
Martorano, r.f.	5	3	13
Freeley, r.f.	1	0	2
Jones, r.f.	0	0	0
Frank, r.f.	0	0	0
Garcia, l.f.	1	1	3
Abrams, l.f.	0	0	0
O'Neill, c.	10	1	21
Roche, c.	0	1	1
McCafferty, c.	0	0	0
Savage, r.g.	2	1	5
Collins, r.g.	0	0	0
Vokey, l.g.	0	0	0
Corman, l.g.	1	1	3
Freedman, l.g.	0	0	0
	20	8	48

### English on Top in Overtime

*February 28:* English shaded the B.L.S. hoopsters in a three-minute overtime period, 36 to 31. History repeated itself as the game got away to a fast start, with Garcia scoring first for Latin. The period ended with English out in

front by one point, 6 to 5. The second period saw Latin go out in front only to be tied in the remaining seconds of play. The half ended in a 15-15 deadlock. All hearts pounded faster as the Latins again went out in front in the third period, but here again they were tied, 26 to 26, with but seconds remaining. The breaks of the game really were against us, as with 45 seconds remaining and the Purple and White out in front, 31 to 29, English tied the game.

The rest is history. The opposition scored early in the overtime and then froze the ball to win, 36-31.

	G.	F.	P.
Martorano, r.f.	2	3	7
Abrams, r.f.	0	0	0
Garcia, l.f.	1	1	3
O'Neill, c.	6	2	14
Savage, r.g.	0	2	2
Jones, l.g.	0	2	2
Vokey, l.g.	0	0	0
Corman, l.g.	1	1	3
	10	11	31

### Scorers This Year

	G.	F.	P.
Martorano	57	9	123
O'Neill	45	20	110
Savage	36	11	83
Corman	17	7	41
Garcia	11	13	35
Abrams	8	3	19
McCafferty	7	3	17
Vokey	7	2	16
Jones	4	3	11
Collins	3	1	7
Roche	1	4	6
Freeley	3	0	6
Monafo	1	0	2



# Hockey

## Latin-1; Commerce-1

The Latin School hockey team, overconfident because of pregame forecasts, was held to a 1-1 tie by a much inferior sextet from Commerce. After a very slow first period, featured by some excellent passing among the Latin forwards, the offenses livened up. Early in the second canto, a Commerce wing penetrated our much improved defense, outmaneuvered our goalie, and scored. Latin put the pressure on, and at 3:21 of the same period "Charlie" Connors notched the score. This fast-skating converted defenseman took a beautiful pass from "Joe" Crehan, and slammed it viciously past the prostrate net-minder from across Avenue Louis Pasteur. The third period was similar to the first, with most of the action taking place in the mid-ice zone.

*Line-Up:* r.w., Hopkins; c., Stein; l.w., Phinn; l.d., Higgins; r.d., White; g., Leahy. *Subs:* Waldron, Crehan, Quirk, Sullivan, Connors.

### Gallery Glimpses

Phinn's first-period lift from the blue line, an exact replica of his goal against Tech, would have scored if it hadn't been shot from so far out. . . . "Jimmy" Waldron, skating like a demon, was returned to the first line. . . . "Lefty" Leahy, drafted to fill the team's No. 1 weakness, was brilliant. A little more experience, and he would have had a shutout. . . . "Al" Stein is improving by leaps and bounds at center.

## Latin-2; Memorial-4

Playing for the first time this season at the Boston Garden, the youngsters from B.L.S. were again outscored. Hardly had the game got under way, when the Memorial right wing broke away in the center of our zone, and shot the puck past Leahy, who was badly

screened. Shortly thereafter, "Charlie" Connors seized a loose puck in mid-ice, escaped from a would-be hooker, and then, unhampered, blazed the puck into the Memorial nets. The period ended shortly thereafter, and in a tight second period the same "Green and Gold" wing duplicated exactly his first-period feat. No sooner had the final period begun than "Al" Stein retrieved a loose puck in front of the Memorial goal and slammed it home to knot the score. Immediately after this, our nemesis, the same right-winger, got his third goal—this time a solo from the corner. From this point the tiring lads from B.L.S. strove valiantly to overcome the Roxbury lead, but shortly before the closing bell the Roxbury boys scored their final tally in a scrimmage in front of the nets.

*Line-Up:* l.w., Phinn; c., Stein; r.w. Waldron; l.d., Higgins; r.d., White; g., Leahy. *Subs*—Connors, Crehan, Hopkins, Gagan, Quirk, Sullivan.

### Gallery Glimpses

"Lefty" Leahy played a swell game despite the score. . . . His defensemen were terrible, especially the taller one. . . . The first line of Waldron, Stein and Phinn fought hard, but lacked the necessary co-ordination. . . . The second line of Connors and Crehan is badly in need of a *good* wing. . . . "Jim" Waldron missed some golden scoring chances because of faulty passing. . . . "Charlie" Connors' solo was the best effort of the encounter.

## Latin-0; Dorchester-4

Evidently suffering from an overpowering defeatist complex, the neophytes from B.L.S. were toppled again, this time by an up-and-down squad from Dorchester. First period ended scorelessly as the teams cautiously felt each other out. The speed and aggressiveness,

the excellent co-ordination of the second trio, and the play of the team in general were commendable during the session. The second canto was fast and furious until one of the Red and Black forwards broke away and lifted an angle shot, which Leahy could only partially deflect, to score. The action remained high-pitched until shortly before the close of the period, when a feeble shot from the stick of a Dorchester defenseman took an odd spin and slid past our embarrassed netminder. The third period was a rough affair as "Jack" Barry returned to nets for the first time in three weeks. Late in this final period Dorchester tallied twice more, assisted both times by the awkward playing of "Bob" White.

*Line-Up:* l.w., Phinn; c., Stein; r.w., Waldron; l.d., Higgins; r.d., White; g., Leahy. *Subs:* Connors, Crehan, Quirk, Gagan, Hopkins, Sullivan, Barry.

#### *Gallery Glimpses*

The Connors-Crehan combination was greatly aided as Al Quirk joined them for the first time this year. . . . The third line was slow and passive. . . . "Lefty" Leahy, back wing in the final session, was the most active Latinite on the ice; too bad that his second period misplay happened. . . . Waldron-Phinn-Stein trio played its usual fine brand of hockey.

#### *Latin-2; English-4*

After arousing every bit of fighting spirit in their possession, a spirited B.L.S. sextet took to the ice to face their ancient rival, English High School. A victory in this game would atone for all previous disgrace, but fate would not have it so. The first period opened explosively as the two teams scrimmaged for an opening, and shortly after the halfway mark an unhampered shot from in front of the net was lifted past Leahy, who didn't have a chance. Hardly had the goal been announced than "Charlie" Connors grabbed a loose puck, swivel-

hipped his way through the "Double Blue" defence, and rammed the rubber home. The action continued at this blazing pace, and shortly before the end of the period, English scored to hold the lead for the second time. Latin controlled the puck at the face-off to open the second period; and in the resulting rush Phinn passed to Stein, who again tied the score by smashing home a rebound. From this point the inflamed Latinites put on the pressure, and only fate prevented them from assuming the lead. The third period kept this furious tempo, until a deflected shot, which hit the top of the net and was cleared, was ruled good by the referee. This freak goal broke the spirit of the "Purple and White," and their half-hearted efforts allowed another goal just before the end of the game.

*Line-Up:* l.w., Phinn; c., Stein; r.w., Waldron; l.d., Higgins; r.d., White; g., Leahy. *Subs:* Connors, Crehan and Quirk.

#### *Gallery Glimpses*

Captain Phinn inspired the team to great heights; too bad that "Gil's" second period shot from the left lane didn't score. . . . Leahy was fine, especially when he turned aside countless shots. . . . "Al" Stein again proved his dexterity at converting rebounds into points. . . . "Jolting Gene" Higgins was as hard to get by as the Great Wall of China. . . . "Charlie" Connors was a tower on defence, and dazzling as he led the second line. . . . "Jim" Waldron was as disastrous to English as a V-bomb. . . . "Joe" Crehan, a great team player, played his typically aggressive game. . . . It is hoped that White will improve as much by next season as Quirk has since the Trade encounter. The all-opponent as selected by your sports-caster is as follows: l.w., Moraski (Tech.); c., Perry (Trade); r.w., Pannier (Tech.); l.d., Murphy (English); r.d., Reynolds (Memorial); g., Gardiner (Tech.).

## Track



*February 1:* B.L.S. totaled 65 points to take a second place in a quadrangular meet. After seeing the results of this meet, this writer cannot help but agreeing with a Boston sports-writer when he says that it's not the Nazis that should be broken up, but the English High School track team. No matter how many "firsts" Latin copped, English, through quantity rather than quality, piled up more points.

"Dick" Curran and "Dave" Gilbert were at their usual best when capturing the "600" and 50-yard hurdles. It will

be nice to see the battle between "Dave" and Conrad Balfour of English at the Reggies this year. Our Class D sprinters looked very promising as they paced the team with forty-nine points.

*February 6:* B.L.S. swamped the opposition in a good meet at the East Armory today, scoring 119 points, with Mamma Memorial running a poor second with 23 points. Although our class A, B and C scored eight points each, it was our class D in scoring forty-one points which assured a Purple and White victory. Latin looked especially strong in the field events, scoring 61 points to Memorial's 21, Dorchester's 7, and Commerce's 10.

*March 1:* English High collected 114 points to win the last quad meet of the season today, while B.L.S. was second with 65 points. Latin's Class D was again responsible for most of its points. Out of a possible 16 running places Latin's Class D placed 10. Unfortunately, the team cannot wait until Class D becomes Class A-B to win the Reggies. B.L.S. is, however, almost sure of coming in second in this, the main track event of the year in the city.

## Ode to Phys. Ed.

NORMAN S. WILLIAMS, '46

Alas! Phys. Ed. is here to stay —

It's the period we all dread.

After you've had a dose of that,

You feel like you're half-dead.

The end of the year brings your reward:

They say it's made you men;

But if they gave you another "chance,"

Would you ever take it again? Hmm?



# Something of Interest.



HERMAN S. WEISMAN, '46

Results of the *Boston Herald Spelling Bee*, held recently, showed that the following boys are the spelling sharks of the school:

## Class IV

Arthur B. Goulston (123), Joshua K. Kapp (322), John S. Janjigian (216), Kenneth J. Golden (333), Richard A. Holmstrom (107), Edward S. Porter (132), Robert F. Caty (202), Alexander J. Chisholm (223), Felix L. Shapiro (316), Gerald F. Coughlin (323), Gerald Richmond (210), Joseph L. O'Donnell (135), and Milton R. Baker (222). *Final winner: Gerald Richmond (210).*

## Class III

Patrick J. Bratton (115), Ralph Arnoldy (114), Joseph F. Doherty (124), Charles W. Sullivan (207), Thomas J. Kelly (104), Frederick A. Powell (133), Macey J. Margolis (209), William Stone 317), Joseph C. Wilson (121), and Hugh A. O'Brien (134). *Final winner: Joseph C. Wilson (121).*

## Class II

Robert J. Bond (120), James P. Keane (118), Gordon K. MacLeod (220), Michael Gottschalk (235), George J. Mulhern (204), Edward W. Berman (233), Frank J. Alpert (335), and Michael J. Venezia (208). *Final winner: James P. Keane (118).*

## Class I

Clifford G. Verniek (303), Lawrence J. Kaplan (301), John H. O'Neill (303),

Sidney Myers (303), William F. Reynolds (304), and Nathan A. Greenberg (306). William F. Reynolds (304) took first place.

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Classes IV, V, and VI were present at the Junior Town Meeting held in the school auditorium February 8, 1946. The program was under the supervision of Dr. John E. Collins and presented by the Debating Society. The topic: "Do Machines Create More Jobs Than They Destroy?" The speakers were Benjamin T. Eisenstadt, James D. Sullivan, Edmund J. Blake, and Robert J. Bond. The chairman was John J. Doyle. The talks were summed up by Dr. Marnell, and Dr. Collins directed the questions from the audience in the usual manner. Edward Kupperstein of Class VI furnished entertainment at the piano.

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On Thursday, February 14, 1946, Class I was summoned to the hall by Mr. Dunn. The main speaker on the program was none other than the renowned Lee J. Dunn, the Latin School's own Mr. Anthony (what is your problem, son? I suppose you want to get into college, huh?). Since many boys had intentions of leaving for Boston College, Mr. Dunn thought it wise to assemble the Senior Class and tell them the intimate maneuvers of Class Day and Graduation. Amid the wisecracks

of ——— (not mentioning any names), he attempted to speak.

The Washington - Lincoln exercises were presented Friday, February 15. Mr. Pierce, Head of the History Department, was in charge of the proceedings. William Cronin began the program by reading a selection from Washington's "Farewell Address." Robert Corcoran of Class II read Kevin J. MacGovern's essay on "Lincoln." John Rexine then gave his essay on "Washington." Latin School's own playwright, Alvin A. Aronson of Class I, presented an original play entitled, "A Visit by Abe." It was indeed a marvelous production. Included among the cast were Charles Sullivan, Roy Collins, "Jack" Dobbyn, Irwin Braverman, and Alvin Aronson. The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Trogone. Piano selections were given by Buckner Gamby and Norman Shapiro.

After the Washington-Lincoln exercises, two Army Recruiting Officers spoke to Classes I and II of the opportunities the Army offers to high school graduates. A technicolor film, "Army Air Corps," was shown.

Boston Latin School has done a magnificent job in co-operating with the American Red Cross in its collection and many activities. Brendan J. MacGovern and Robert J. Corcoran are the Senior and Junior Representatives, respectively.

The School Committee ought to extend the usual one-week vacation to two weeks. The reason? After a week's vacation it usually takes one more to rest from the trying ordeals of the first.

A new club, which has already gained much popularity, is the Bowling Club. Practice sessions are held Friday afternoons. Weekly matches are held, and many contests are scheduled. Officers include James Riley (303), President; William Reid (303), Vice-President; Robert Freeley (303), Secretary; George Gorvine (303), Treasurer; Charles Gibson (302), Chairman. It is under the supervision of Mr. Pierce.

Le Cercle Francais is endeavoring to present a wider, more varied range of topics. To date there have been lectures on French music, literature, government, and the part France played in World War II. Officers are Benjamin T. Eisenstadt (304), President, and Herbert J. Goldings (304), Secretary. The faculty adviser is Mr. Levine.

The Highway Safety Club has a program consisting of lectures and motion pictures on the art of safe driving. The officers are John R. Dobbyn (301), President; Charles Gibson (302), Vice-President; Robert Hart (301), Treasurer; Lawrence Mintz (303), Secretary. Mr. Cornelius Murphy is the new faculty adviser.



## Alumni Notes

ARNOLD J. BAND, '46

Latin School has always been noted for the enviable records of its alumni; but never before in its history has B. L. S. been so honored as it has been during the last five years by magnificent war-records.

Thomas Coggeshall, '09, has been appointed vice-chairman of the Army Air Forces Eastern District, Price Adjustment Board. He has been a member of the Board and Executive Contractor Negotiator since January, 1943.

Col. Laurence E. Bunker, '20, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for "exceptionally meritorious and distinguished service to the Government in duties of great responsibility in the southwest Pacific area." Col. Bunker was in charge of legal and contract affairs and helped in the establishment of procurement procedures for all supplies and services coming from Australian sources for American forces.

Bertram H. Loewenberg, '30, has been relieved from active duty as a lieutenant, U. S. N. R. He has now resumed his association with a law firm in Boston.

George W. Casey, '41, lieutenant, U. S. A., who was graduated from the U. S. Military Academy last June, is with the Army of Occupation in Japan.

Sgt. Robert B. Konikow, '28, has just recently been discharged.

Robert A. Grimes, '33, has just been discharged from the Navy. He served on the *U.S.S. Massachusetts*, *U.S.S. Boston*, and the *U.S.S. Detroit*, as a lieutenant commander. He has now resumed his law practice.

Lt. (j.g.) Bernard K. Rubin, '39, has just returned home on leave.

NATHAN A. GREENBERG, '46

Capt. George R. Faxon, '25, has just been appointed to the teaching staff of Harvard University. Faxon is the son of a former teacher in Latin School.

Maj. Gen. Echols, Assistant Deputy Military Governor of Germany, has bestowed the legion of merit on Lt. Col. Charles E. Sands, '24, for rendering outstanding service in the administration of Military Government. Sands, a son of a late teacher of Latin School, is currently assigned to the Office of Military Government of Germany.

E. Wesley Fuller, '29, has been appointed Information Manager of the Publication Department of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. While at Latin School, Fuller was editor-in-chief of the *Register* and was later a reporter on the *Boston Herald*. He has just recently been discharged from the Navy, where he served in the Pacific.

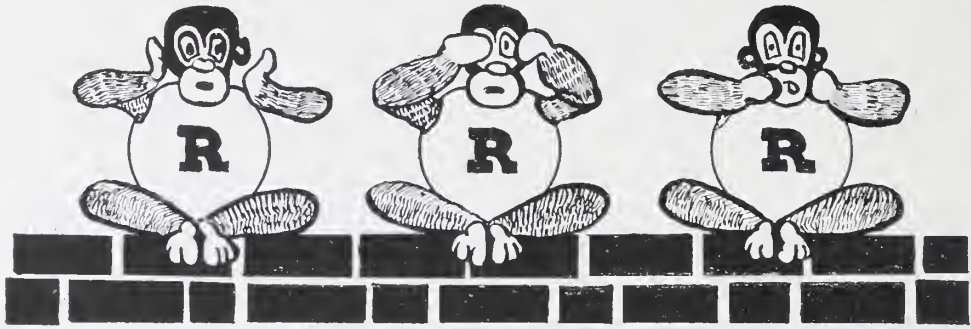
Midshipman Eugene F. Shine, a former student of B. L. S., has just won the Navy "N," a gold medal of the U. S. Naval Academy. He won the championship for boxing in his weight class.

Sgt. Melvin J. Kolovson, '37, has served with the 7th Army in Germany. Having served with the Engineers, Kolovson is now awaiting discharge.

Col. Walter A. Guild, '15, of the U. S. Army has recently been decorated with the Legion of Merit.

William A. Denker, '16, has become President and General Manager of the Mexican Distributing Subsidiary.

Charles Stevens, '16, has been sent to the U. S. Embassy in Mexico City.



*Jan. 28:* Cease labor, all! Another month has passed, and once again ye olde R. R. R. has been sniffing and snuffing about the hallowed halls of old B. L. S. . . . Lord, what fools these mortals be! Some poor deluded mental incompetent asked about the arrival of the class rings. Services will be held on Saturday.

*Jan. 29:* The Dramatics Club held its first reading for this year's major production, "Arsenic and Old Lacc." Coming soon! Watch for it!

*Jan. 31:* At the conclusion of a frigid and somewhat disastrous January, *Yours Truly* gazes forward with high hopes, great anticipation, and a new fountain pen. . . . A rumor has seeped into your reporter's ears that a small but select group of students (*ex magnificissimis*) are on the verge of disproving Einstein's theory of relativity. After investigation, it is reported that this group of intellectuals has reached its "dew point." It appears that one is able to discern the square root of sixteen. Any assistance will most certainly be appreciated.

*Feb. 1:* Shortages of most materials have been blamed on the war. Certainly no excuse for a shortage of humor. In lieu of this fact, your punster will now utter a witticism: "Why do they call my house *lumbago*?" (Give up?) "Because it has a 'crik' in the back!" . . . (Rejoice that it comes only once a month.)

*Feb. 4:* Rings! Rings!! Rings!!! Where are they?

*Feb. 5:* The Music Appreciation Club met; but, owing to the shortage of Victrola needles, the concert ceased and elections were held.

*Feb. 6:* Report cards were issued. . . . No time for humor.

*Feb. 7:* According to latest reports, this year's *Liber Actorum* will be the finest in the history of B. L. S. . . . Classes V and VI met for track practice. From the sordid experiences which your R. R. R. has had with these mental midgets, they'd better learn to run. . . . With the greatest speed! (*Gr-r-r-r!*)

*Feb. 8:* The representative of *Scholastic Jewelers* visited and informed us that the class rings will be here by the February vacation, even if he is forced to bring them by dog and sled (I quote).

*Feb. 11:* Two assemblies for Class I scheduled for Friday. *Ye olde rantipole* is looking forward to the music of our illustrious orchestra under the direction of Mr. Trongone.

*Feb. 12:* The most important bulletin today was that school will close Friday, next. May we all wallow in sublime bliss.

*Feb. 13:* Boys leaving for B. C. will close accounts Thursday. . . . A good omen that the year is progressing rapidly and with success.

*Feb. 15:* Classes on the third floor seemed deserted. Yes, indeed; many interesting personalities have taken



their leave. Class II is eyeing the third-floor corner, and Class I has its eyes on the evening of June 3.

*Feb. 18-22:* Frankly, gentlemen, I don't seem to be able to recall what went

on; perhaps I did a Rip Van Winkle. *Feb. 25:* Back at "Ye Olde Institute."

We should be in stride by Wednesday.

*Feb. 26:* Time to depart and prepare for Spring. Your R. R. R. is helping the Chess Club polish up its outdoor set.



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